

THE MOTHER'S REPLY

To "ROCK ME TO SLEEP."

My child! my child! thou art weary to-night,
Thy spirit is sad and dim is the light;
Thou wouldst call me back from the silent shore,
To the trials of life, to thy heart as of yore;
Thou longest again for my loving care,
For my kiss on thy lips, my hand on thy hair;
But angels around thee their loving watch keep,
And angels, my child, will "rock thee to sleep."

"Backward!" say, "Onward, ye swift rolling years."
Gird on thy armor! Dry up thy tears!
Count not thy trials nor efforts in vain;
They'll bring the light on thy childhood again.
You should not weary, my child, by the way;
But watch for the light of the brighter day;
Not tired of "sowing for others to reap;"
For angels, my child, will "rock thee to sleep."

Tired my child of the "base, the untrue;"
Oh! I have tasted the cup they give you,
Felt the deep sorrow in the living green
Of a low mosey grave by a silver stream;
But the dear mother I sought for in vain,
Is an angel presence and with me again;
And in the still night, from the silence so deep,
Come the bright angels to "rock thee to sleep."

Nearer thee now than in days that are flown,
Purer the love-light encircling thy home,
Far more enduring the watch for to-night,
Than even earth-worship away from the light;
Soon the dark shadows will linger no more,
Nor come at thy call from the opening door,
But know thou, my child, the angels watch keep,
And soon, very soon, will "rock thee to sleep."